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THE MATCHMAKERS

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS

FOUNDED ON THACKARY'S NOVEL OF
THE NEWCOMES

BY

CHARLES A. SCOTT

HOUSTON, TEXAS
JULY, 1904

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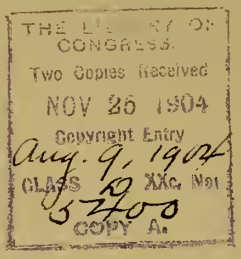

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R McC. June 8/33.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Col. Thos Newcome, Bengal Cavalry, C. B., East India Company service, age 66.....

Clive Newcome, artist, son of above, age 23 to 25.....

Barnes Newcome, banker and afterwards baronet, age same.....

Frank, Earl of Kew, betrothed to Ethel Newcome, age same.....

Sir Brian Newcome, father of Barnes and Ethel Newcome, age 64 years, M. P.....

Hobson Newcome, banker and brother of the above, age 60 years..

Hon. Charles Belsize, best known as Jack, afterwards as Lord Highgate, age 26 years.....

Marquis de Farintosh, suitor for hand of Ethel Newcome, age 25.

Mr. Arthur Pendennio, friend of Col. T. Newcome and son, age 30.

Capt. Goby .....

Little Tommykin boy, son of Clive Newcome, small boy.....

Little Alfred Newcome, son of Sir Brian, age 8 years.....

Dowager Countess of Kew, a veteran matchmaker, grandmother of Ethel, age 83 .....

Ethel Newcome, daughter of Sir Brian, age 20 to 23 years.....

Lady Ann Newcome, wife of Sir Brian and daughter of Dowager Countess, 44 years.....

Lady Maria Walham, mother of Earl of Kew, 48 years.....

Lady Julia Kew, daughter and secretary to Dowager Countess, 38 years .....

Mrs. Maria Newcome, wife of Hobson, age 50 years.....

Mrs. Mackenzie, a Termagant and widow of an army officer, age 35 to 40 .....

Rosa Mackenzie, petite and artless wife of Clive Newcome, age 20 to 23 years .....

Mrs. Laura Pendennis, friend and confidante of Ethel, age 24 years.

Friars, Children and Servants.

Period 1850. Costumes modern, except gowns, cassocks and surplices.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*At the home of the chief matchmaker, she pursues the sway and activity of her role; she keeps her latest captures in hand by obtaining the key to their movements and character; hence the invitation to sip tea with two old ladies, and to give an account of themselves.*

SCENE 2.—*The family council of the Newcomes at Park Lane, London. The presumption of unknown people in giving or attempting to entertain society, and still Barnes danced with the young lady and she was pleased with his attentions; what a pity he was already matched. Barnes is reproved by his father for sneering remarks about the Colonel and his son. Dispute as to the relationship of an obscure Newcome, who is visited by the Colonel. Alarming reports of the spread of radical doctrines. Why was not Vidier and family invited to the Newcome annual assembly? Barnes accused of throwing out the invitation. Poor relations are too numerous; the true relation of one poor relation stated and suggestions for her relief. Alfred betrays a secret, which is indignantly denied, and the child sent to bed. Mrs. Hobson Newcome objects to the Colonel's patronage of her offspring, for which the Colonel denies their value, and admits the rights of parents to regulate their own affairs. Hobson Newcome wants to cut out and go home. The Dowager has a dim memory of Clive, and wants to know who he is; on further inspection finds him good looking. Hobson Newcome enters and is dissatisfied that Clive has chosen the profession of painter.*

SCENE 3.—*The social assembly and reception at Fitzroy Square; onerous exacting duties of parliament. Mrs. Mackenzie accomplishes the first move in her project of matchmaking and the designs of both lady and daughter are penetrated. Seraphic music. Hobson's excessive fatique. The presentation and leave-taking. The conduct of the Dowager designating the particulars of the governor's ball as an old chestnut; dispute as an old character. The toll that was levied and collected.*

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Arrival of Dowager Countess of Kew at Baden, who accuses Ethel of more interest in painters than pictures, criticizes the art and explains why little green tickets are placed upon them. Ethel places a green ticket on her dress to signify her sale to a customer and announces herself as Exhibit No. 46. The Dowager, furiously incensed, assails her and tears the ticket from her bosom and bears off the trophy to her room in high dudgeon. On the entrance of her brother Barnes she relates the affair to him, and he delivers his opinion of the controversy, which agrees with the argument of his grandmother. Finding some drawings Clive had made for the diversion of the children, he concludes that Clive is in the vicinity, and reports the fact to his father. He then resigns himself to the perusal of the fashionable intelligence of his newspapers, which mention the events to happen at Baden, when he is visited by his parents and informed of the arrangements for his wedding are complete. Also, that the bride-elect, Lady Clara Pullyn, while out strolling with her father, suddenly met Mr. Belsize, and the lady swooned away and lay on the ground for some time in an unconscious condition. To avoid scandal Barnes attributed the swoon to epilepsy and asserted had he been present he would have murdered the scoundrel, which, reaching the ears of Lord Kew, Belsize's most intimate friend, knowing Barnes' character well, played upon Barnes, and made him believe that Belsize was laying in wait with a big club in an adjoining wood with the avowed intention of taking his life. Clive called him a snob and challenged him to resent it, but Barnes declined the duel, as expected he would, and made a laughing stock of himself. Clive was summoned to the presence of her Ladyship of Kew and was told it was time he had taken his departure. The parting caused much grief. He was evidently in the way and she desired to get him out of reach.* ~~The Dowager taunts Ethel with her fidelity to Clive, and persuades her to sacrifice herself to the~~

SCENE ~~2.—Kehl. Grimani~~ ~~interests of her family by her future~~ ~~it appear that that entrapps the Dowager the entanglements~~ ~~communicates which she needed relating the account~~ ACT III ~~of the life of her her Clive~~ Act III

SCENE 1.—*The visit of Marquis de Farinstosh demonstrated the frivolous nature of his character and lack of ability, or, rather, he displayed it himself. After his retirement Lady Kew arrived from Kehl and reported the failure of her mission, and*

Act 2 continued

Scene 1. The Dowager taunted Ethel for her fidelity to her love to the painter and persuaded her that her first duty was to her family and that she must renounce her love for Clive

was surprised to learn how she had caused the humiliation of Ethel. The madam complains she has received but little comfort from her offspring. Implores Ethel to remain loyal to her in her old age, notwithstanding all the wrong she unintentionally had done her, which was due to the love and affection she had borne for her family, and after working upon her generous nature, desired to know Lady Ann's opinion of the explanations of Lord Kew, written her, and when informed that Lady Ann had not been shown the letter she coaxingly asked to read it, and was informed that it was already burned to ashes. This display of incredible hypocrisy may seem unreal if true.

SCENE 2.—*The meeting of Clive and Ethel at their Aunt Honeyman's back parlor at Brighton was due to the necessity for an explanation of their intercourse and adoption of prudent measures to regulate and control the interview. The measures were adopted to the satisfaction of both the parties to observe them.*

SCENE 6.—*The good natured Colonel perhaps weaned the girl's affections from her husband by too much devotion and attention to the whims of the wife, and without intention caused a jealousy to spring up in Clive's bosom. The nature of these attentions are detailed in the course of the play.*

~~ACT IV~~.

SCENE 1.—*The meeting of the son and father in this scene at the hotel in Newcome, a suburb of London, during a political campaign, is to show the utter hopelessness of a passion once conceived and returned, which will linger as long as life lasts, and, do what we may, it is impossible to eradicate it. Also, that a generous nature is susceptible to a generous forgiveness and that, fortunate for humanity, there are but few created whose hearts are not imbued with compassion and mercy.*

SCENE 2.—*Hotel Newcome.*

SCENE 3.—*How often, and oh how often, are kind-hearted men urged into bankruptcy and surrender more assets than the law justifies, but it is the common experience that they obtain no credit for their action. If mankind were as suspicious as Mrs. Mackenzie they would find no repose.*

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—*In this scene we meet the representatives of true nobility, one who still cherishes her early affections for a kind-hearted, pure old man without guile, and holds his son in the paternal affection that exists most in an enduring unity. We can understand the regard of the old dowager, but, after all, it was a selfish aspiration to aid and help only her blood relatives. Some of them may have been as worthy as her noble grandson, who sacrificed his interests rather than perpetrate a wrong, but there were other true men in the world—not blood relations—who merited her pity more than did her noble offspring. Perhaps she may have fancied them as eternally singing psalms with the parson's daughter. But it is the deed of these two ladies, and we invite attention to the scene that depicts their unselfishness; it was meet that, holding the same views, they should come together. One already realized the fruits of mutual love; the hopes of the other may be ultimately attained.*

SCENE 2.—*Here we have a picture of the family of Clive in the dwelling they occupy on Howland street, which is most like those whose income is very limited. It is easy to perceive that the gray mare is the stallion of the stable. Can it be possible that an angel has visited the place and, no matter how unwelcome her errand of mercy, she was not to be deterred from its accomplishment? A happy Christmas and a joyous New Year is often the result of such a visit.*

SCENE 2.—*Grayfriars Hospital may be one of the many institutions that dispenses a noble charity. When we remember that it was at this hospital that Colonel Thomas Newcome sought and found refuge from his sorrows, exultingly we are inclined to exclaim adzem at the final roll call.*

TABLEAU VIVANT.

Only shadows, what is supposed to happen at a subsequent period, and who in the world could ever suppose any other ending than the one indicated?

SCENARIO.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Residence of Countess of Kew at Brighton, 2 parlor.*

SCENE 2.—*Council of Newcome family library, 2 of Park Lane at London.*

SCENE 3.—*Social assembly, arch at 3; interior drop at 5 showing divided room. Fitzroy Square, London.*

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Parlor hotel at Baden, gothic* C D *at 3, open for entrance of Sir Brian and Lady Ann. Closed after Ethel and children exit, shows hall and stairway backed by interior drop.*

SCENE 2.—*Plain chamber hotel at Kehl 4. Bedding and bolster bed. Room* L *leads into empty cupboard. Door* R *locked on inside.*

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*Drawing room 4, Mansion Park Lane, London. For visit of Lord Farintosh.*

SCENE 2.—*Back parlor 2 at Aunt Honeyman's. Meeting of Ethel and Clive.*

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*Tyburnia Mansion 4. Reception room. Remedy for unrequited love.*

SCENE 2.—*Plain chamber,* R *and* L *doors. Hotel at Newcome, suburb of London. Father and son meet.*

SCENE 3.—*Tyburnia Mansion. Drawing room 4. Bundlecund Bank failure.*

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—*Country seat of Sir Barnes Newcome at Newcome 2. Discovery of the will.*

SCENE 2.—*Dwelling of Clive Newcome, Howland street, London. Domesticity. Mrs. Mackenzie's last victory.*

SCENE 3.—*Greyfriars Hospital 5. Set chapel 3. Interior drop 5 with view of hospital. Organ to play when procession is moving.*

TABLEAU VIVANT.

TABLEAU.—*Bride, Ethel. Groom, Clive Newcome.*

The Matchmakers.

SCENE 1.—*Act I. Parlor* 3. *Residence Dowager Countess of Kew at Brighton. Cottage furniture. Table* C *with writing materials. Easy Chair for Lady Kew. Lady Julia and Countess of Kew discovered at* C *table.*

Lady K. Why did not Ann take the child elsewhere than Brighton? Don't she know I have not had the measles, Julia? You must on no account go near the pestiferous swarm of little Newcomes, unless you want to send me out of the world, which, I dare say, you do. Supposing I do see the doctor every day, that does not keep away the smallpox and kindred diseases. He merely comes to cure me of numerous complaints; to tell me the current news and gossip; to feel my pulse, and have me put out my tongue; to write me a prescription in Latin for bread pills, and to collect a fee for no service. You may send a servant every day to Ann's boarding house to inquire how Alfred is, but he must not enter their house, and must remain on the outside until he is told how the little lad is. If he disobeys these instructions he need not darken my doors again.

Lady Julia. Lord Kew has been to see his sick cousin, and brought the patient a lot of pictures and toys, much to the delight of the boy.

Lady Kew. Just like Frank. He first calls on sick cousins and then spreads their contagion among his relatives, and never comes at once near his grandmother. It is certain that none of us have laid eyes on him. Write him a note, Julia, and tell him to come instantly.

Lady Julia. The morning paper publishes the arrival of Lord Kew and Hon. Charles Belsize.

Lady K. Then I'm sure they are here for some mischief; those two never get together but what they plan wickedness. Ah, I remember now, the doctor, who only left here a short while ago, said that he saw my Lord Kew and Mme. Pozzo-Profundo out driving in a phaeton. She, you know, is the famous contralto of the Italian opera. Julia, write as I shall dictate: Gentlemen who travel *incog,* and when they reach a watering resort and endeavor to keep their visit a secret from their relatives, had better go to places where newspapers are not published. In Brighton their

names and other particulars are published, and meet the eye of their relatives. If you are not drowned in a pozzo-profundo, you will take tea with two old ladies, who extend the invitation and will be glad to meet you. Yours, etc., Dowager Countess of Kew. (*Rings and footman answers summons; Lady Kew reads and incloses message.*) Yes, that is sufficient; now take and deliver this message to the person named in the address. (*Servant rung for receives the letter.*)

(*Enter another servant and announces my Lord Kew and Hon. C. Belsize, who enter* R.)

Lady Kew. Speak of his satanic majesty, the imps appear.

Kew. Why, my dear grandmother, you appear as youthful and as good natured as ever . (*Imprints a kiss on the forehead of his relative and Belsize bows.*)

Lady Kew. I have just sent an invitation for you to call and drink a cup of tea with us, and you must have met the messenger before he was fairly on his way to your hotel.

Kew. Allow me, dear grandmother, to present my friend and companion, Hon. Charles Belsize. (*A bow and curtsey interchanged.*)

Lady Kew. Never mind my looks, you truant! Where have you been? Give an account of yourself.

Kew. I have had a delightful time, with our cousins of the house of Newcome.

Lady K. Certainly not with Barnes the eldest, unless he has changed his spots.

Kew. No, confound him.

Belsize. No, dmn Barnes. I ask your pardon, ladies. But Barnes is such a little snob no one likes him.

Lady Kew. A little what, Mr. Belsize?

Belsize. A little SNOB, ma'am. He may be your grandson, ma'am, but I could find no other term to more fitly describe him.

Lady Kew. Thank you, Mr. Belsize.

Belsize. But the rest of the family are capital, including the little boy just well of the measles, who is a brick, and for Miss Ethel—

Kew. Ethel is a trump. (*Slapping his knee.*)

Lady Kew. Ethel a trump, Alfred a brick and Barnes a snob. This is satisfactory to know.

Kew. We met the whole posse. I told them to pile in, which they did. Alfred, the little cuss, wanted to drive, but I would not let him. Miss Ethel found a seat. Miss Ethel is the most lovely girl in England. They all found seats and Jack rode behind.

Lady Kew. Where Monsieur Pozzo-Profundo sits *"Bon."*

Kew. We drove down on to the downs, and were near coming to grief. My horses are young and quite wild, and when they reach grass sod behave as if they were mad.

Belsize. It was rash, Frank. He came very near breaking all our necks.

Kew. Which would make my brother Lord Kew. What a narrow escape it was for him. The horses ran away for some miles. All that were in the carriage were terribly frightened; the pluck of the poor little boy deserted him; he could not have been more pale had he been daubed with a whitewash brush. Then he began to cry, yell and scream, as if his life depended on the noise he made. His sister was as white as a sheet, but she remained self-possessed and kept her place like a man. After we had sped for some miles I succeeded in reining in the animals and drove them into Brighton at the same gait they would draw a hearse. The little trump said she was not much scared, but admonished us not to mention the scare to her mother, who would manifest the most fright after the danger had passed.

Belsize. Lady Ann is a ridiculous old dear; I beg pardon, your ladyship.

Kew. There is a brother of Sir Brian's there, an East Indian colonel, a fine old fellow.

Belsize. Smokes awfully, a row about it at the hotel. Oh, go on Frank, I beg your—

Kew. The old colonel was on the lookout, and when we halted sent a message to Lady Ann. He took the children out and lifted Miss Ethel out and kissed her and said he was too glad to find fault when nothing serious had resulted.

Lady Kew. I think you both deserve to be whipped.

Kew. We went up and made our peace with Lady Ann and were formally presented to the colonel and his youthful cub.

Belsize. As fine a gentleman and as fine a lad as I ever saw. he young chap is famous for drawing, and the children were well supplied with specimens of his skill, which I took the pains to examine, and found they were all well executed. There was a group which Lady Ann pointed out to me and exclaimed how pretty it was. As you know, Lady Ann, is uncommonly sentimental.

Lady Kew. My daughter Ann is the greatest fool in three kingdoms. (*Looking fiercely over her spectacles.*) Julia, write to Ann immediately to send Ethel to see her grandmother. (*Enter servant.*)

Servant. Dinner in the hall, my lady.

(*Kew offers his arm to his grandmother and Belsize to Julia.*)

Lady Kew. And Ethel is a trump.

Lady Julia. Alfred is a brick.

Belsize. And Barnes is a little snob.

(*Exeunt* L *laughing.*)

SCENE 2.—*ACT I. Drawing room, Park Lane, London. Sir Brian Discovered at sofa* R *reading newspaper. Barnes to left seated at small table and lamp reading newspaper. Lady Ann at tabourette, table* R, *and Ethel at tabourette, table* L C, *both engaged with embroidery and worsted work. Alfred* C *table playing with toys.*)

Barnes. Everybody of prominence attended the Belgrave Square ball, given by Lady Tompkyns Toodles. (*Looking over from newspaper to Ethel.*)

Lady Ann. Mrs. Toodle Tompkyns, whoever heard of Mrs. Toodle Tompkyns before? What do people mean by attending such assemblies?

Barnes. Lady Popinjay asked the same question, but got no answer. The thing was really well gotten up; the hostess was somewhat nervous and frightened, as though not used to entertaining so many people of distinction. She, however, is quite pretty, and I am told her daughter is a desirable catch, having much wealth invested in British consols.

Ethel. Did you dance with her?

Barnes. Of course I did, and the young lady seemed pleased with my attentions and invited me to call. I see by the paper that our uncle, Colonel of Sepoys, and his noble boy are paying a visit at Newcome and that many citizens are paying their respects to him.

Ethel. You are always sneering about our uncle, and saying unkind things about Clive, Barnes. I love our uncle, who is good and kind to all of us. When mother came to Brighton to be with her sick family the colonel and his son came also. He used to take the sick children out frequently for the fresh air, and had Alfred out for hours and hours every day. Clive was equally as good and generous, supplying the children with pictures to amuse and divert them. Yet Barnes is always speaking of both behind their backs.

Barnes. And Clive's aunt lets nice lodgings and cooks nice pies, and is altogether a most desirable acquaintance. What a shame we have neglected to cultivate that branch of the family.

Sir Brian. My dear fellow, I have no doubt Miss Honeyman is a most respectable person; nothing is so ungenerous as to rebuke a gentleman or lady on account of their poverty, and I coincide with Ethel in thinking you speak in terms (to say the least) that are disrespectful of your uncle and his son.

Ethel. Miss Honeyman is a dear little old woman, was she not to Alfred, mamma, in making for him nice jellies and delicacies? And you know Clive's grandfather was a doctor of divinity, mamma, and that a portrait of him in his cannonical robes and wigs hangs on the wall in the back room, which proves he was of as high descent as a banker.

Barnes. Did you bring some of Miss Honeyman's lodging house cards back with you, Ethel, and had we not better put them up with those of the other relative Mrs. Mason on the walls of our banking house?

Lady Ann. My darling love, who is Mrs. Mason?

Barnes. Another relative of the family, m'am. She was a cousin—

Sir Brian. She was no such thing, sir. (*Emphatic.*)

Barnes. She was a relative and housemaid of my grandfather during his first marriage, and acted as dry nurse to the now colonel of East Indian Sepoys—my uncle. She retired into private life quite early and has since lived in her native town of Newcome, engaged in the management of a mangle. The colonel and young pothouse, his son, have gone down to spend some days with their relative. Here it is all in the newspaper. By jove! (*Clenches fists and stamps on newspaper.*)

Ethel. And so they should go down and see her, and should the colonel love his old nurse, who came and cared for him when no other relative came nigh, and he unable to help himself. He should never forget her now when she is old and poor.

Barnes. It is in both papers, sir. Here, sir. (*hands paper to Sir Brian*) read our paper first, and the opposition journal next, and see how you will relish the comments thereon of both papers.

Sir Brian. (*After reading lays the paper down.*) I see no harm in the first paragraph. The colonel should have put up at the "Roebuck Inn" instead of the "King's Arms," which is patronized by the ragtag and bobtail and not by the gentry, but then he may not have been posted on the reputation of our country

inns. I think it was very proper for the people to call and pay their respects to a veteran in the service of their country.

Barnes. Now, sir read the other article.

Sir Brian. No, sir, if it is the one signed "Peeping Tom" I have already read it, and find it is leveled against us, and breaths the spirit of radicalism that is rampant abroad in the land. It is dreadful that the advocacy of such outrageous sentiments should be tolerated and be publicly proclaimed broadcast. We appear to be on the edge of an active volcano, liable to burst at any moment and instantly blow us to atoms. (*Inadvertently upsets a glass of beer he has occasionally sipped.*) Something must be done to suppress the violence that confronts us . (*Pauses aside.*) Who could have written that article? Perhaps it was Vidier. (*Aloud.*) Lady Ann, I told you how it would be if you failed to include Mr. Vidier, the apothecary, and his family to your annual ball.

Lady Ann. They were included in the list—three of them—and when I consulted Mr. Vidier about Alfred's symptoms he actually waited and saw the poor child take his nasty physic. I don't know how it happened the girls did not attend the ball. I apprehended that it was due to a want of proper apparel to appear in.

Ethel. It was Barnes that scratched their names off the list. You know you did, Barnes, and said there was too many gallipots already invited. Is it true, mamma, that grandpa has a relative living at Newcome who is aged and poor?

Lady Ann. Darling child, how should I know? I dare say your grandfather had plenty of poor relations.

Sir Brian. I am sure that some relations on your side, Ann, have called on me at the bank. The person referred to was not a relative of my father at all. She was remotely connected with his first wife and acted as servant to him, and has been handsomely pensioned by my stepbrother, the colonel.

Barnes. Gad, sir, then let Ethel go to Newcome and carry out her purposes and present Mrs. Mason with an old gown and a bundle of tracts, and forever close the mouths of our blatant relatives.

(*Enter Lady Kew* R *and takes vacant chair* R C.)

Alfred. (*Playing with tops* C *table.*) Sister Ethel is in love with Cousin Clive and he is coming here to marry her. Mrs. Mason, the old lady at Newcome, told me all about it.

Barnes. I dare say the old lady has told the tale all over Newcome. It may be published in the opposition paper next week. By, jove! it is a pretty connection and nice acquaintance this uncle brings us.

Ethel. (*Loses temper and bursts into tears.*) I deny it! There's not one word of truth in it. Barnes with meanness and malignity is forever uttering stories to my disadvantage, and is constantly slandering the purest of men. I will write the colonel and request him not to spend next Christmas. (*Starts to retire and when she reaches* C *table.*) Come, Alfred dear, it is time for little boys to be in bed. (*Exeunt Ethel and Alfred* L. *Enter Col. T. N.* R *and Mrs. Hobson Newcome* L, *meeting.*)

Maria. Why, my dear colonel, I am glad to meet you. I have wanted to thank you.

Col. T. N. Thank me? Pray, Maria, what have I done to be thanked for?

Maria. For your kindness to my boys in treating them to the sights of the town.

Col. T. N. Tush! Tush! Maria, not worth a thankee.

Maria. I'm sure it was kindly meant. But, dear colonel, you should remember my boys and Clive have been raised on different principles, and, excuse me for saying it, I don't deem it advisable that they should become too intimate. Clive's company appears not good for them.

Col. T. N. Great heavens, Maria! Do you mean that my boy's society is not good enough for any boy alive?

Maria. With such slight grounds why become angry? Your boy is much older than either of mine, and his associates are not altogether of the genteel class; therefore we prefer that our children be brought up on a different plan. You, yourself, are always most generous and kind. I trust you will credit us with like intentions.

Col. T. N. I am much surprised at the proposition, and see no reason for its adoption. However, I recognize the right of parents to regulate and rear their offspring in accordance with the best light they can obtain, and trust you have found the true course to pursue. So far as Clive is concerned, I have no fears but what he will continue the same comfort to his father he has always been. (*Retires up and greets relatives. Enter Hobson Newcome* L *and approaches his wife.*)

Hobson. I say, Maria, haven't you had enough of the company here? Let us cut out. I am awful sleepy.

(*Maria turns her back and retires up stage.*)

Hobson. Well, if we have to wait I'll find a place to have a nap. (*Exit* L. *Enter Clive* R, *who addresses the dowager.*)

Clive. I hope to find your ladyship in excellent health and spirits.

Lady Kew. (*Stares at him.*) Who are you, sir?

Clive. My name is Clive Newcome, and I have your ladyship's acquaintance.

Lady Kew. Hum! I believe I have heard your name and heard very little good of you. (*Takes another survey.*) Upon my word, colonel, I think we were right.

Col. T. N. No doubt right in everything your ladyship conceives, but in what particular?

Lady Kew. To keep Clive out of the way. He is the handsomest youth in London. Fortunately, Ethel has been disposed of these ten years. Did not Ann tell you? How foolish of her, but like all mothers, they desire to keep all lovers in suspense and have them dance attendance and devotion to their daughters as long as hope endures. Has your son been really wicked? I was told he was a sad scapegrace.

Col. T. N. I never knew him to do and I don't believe he ever thought of anything that was untrue, unkind or ungenerous. I suspect his enemy, the cowardly cur.

(*Re-enter Hobson* L. *Clive retires up to* LC *and takes a seat and listens.*)

Hobson. (*Approaches Barnes.*) Halloa, Barnes! With your newspaper to nod over you are as quiet here as a mouse. Say, Barnes, what do you think about that nabob relative of ours. He's a queer fish and proud as Lucifer. He's always getting huffed about something. He went into a fume tonight because your Aunt Maria objected to his taking our boys to the theater. She doesn't like their going out at night; neither did our mothers.

Barnes. I always knew my aunt was perfectly aware of the time of day. (*Bowing.*)

Hobson. And the colonel flies out about his boy, complaining that Maria had insulted him because Clive was not thought a proper associate for our boys. Before the colonel came home. Clive was a good lad enough; a jolly, brave little fellow.

Barnes. I confess I did not know Clive at that interesting period of his existence.

Hobson. But since he has taken the mad cap freak of turning painter there is no understanding the chap. Did you ever see such a set of fellows as the colonel had at his party the other night when Clive threw the glass of wine at you. Dirty chaps in velvet coats and black hands, they looked like a set of mountebanks. And this Clive to be a painter?

Barnes. A very advantageous thing for the family. He'll do our pictures for nothing. I always said he was a darling boy.

Hobson. Darling jackass! Confound it, why doesn't my brother set him up in some respectable business. I ain't proud! I have not married an earl's daughter. No offense to you, Barnes.

Barnes. Not at all, sir. I can't help it if my grandfather was a gentleman.

Hobson. Ha, ha, ha. I mean I don't care what a fellow is if he is a good fellow. But a painter—hang it, a painter—it is no trade at all. I don't fancy seeing one of my family sticking up pictures. I don't like it, Barnes.

Barnes. Damn all literary fellows, all artists, the whole lot of 'em.

Clive. (*Coming down stage.*) I deny it, sir.

Hobson. (*Amazed.*) Hold, sir. Do not forget where you are.

(*Barnes shows signs of fear, Clive scorn and contempt. Others gather around and form an ensemble.*)

SCENE 3.—*ACT I. Social assembly at residence of Col. Thomas Newcome* 5, *Fitzroy Square, London. Arched entrance at* 3 *dividing ball room and drawing room. Interior drop at* 5. *All entrances and exits* L *from and to interiors. Drawing room. Colonel T. N. and Mrs. Mack at table* L C. *Discovered. Mrs. Mack retires. H. and Colonel at* R *to receive Rosa and Mrs. Mack enter at piano. Enter Lady Ann, Ethel, Lady Kew, Hobson and wife, received by Colonel. Lady Ann, Ethel, Lady Kew, Mr. and Mrs. Hobson Newcome enter* R *ushered by Colonel T. N. to seats* R C *drawing room. Mrs. Mack and Rosa at piano* L *discovered examining music sheets. Col. T. N. at* R *entrance receiving company.*)

Col. N. T. My dear Mrs. Mackenzie, I have insisted that yourself and charming daughter Rosa shall continue our fair guests until such time as you may desire to return to your native crags, which we trust will not happen until our return from my sojourn in the East Indies and of my son Clive from artistic studies abroad. We know you are possessed of a merry humor and that it is in your power to dispense the hospitality of our home to the friends we leave behind. We tender you full charge of the same during the period of our absence; you are the widow of a veteran soldier and honor dictates that your welfare should be provided by a brother veteran. I trust therefor you will assume charge of this soldier's home and remain in it until the return of the veteran commander or his representative.

Mrs. Mack. Oh, dear colonel, I hardly expected such a kind and generous offer. Under ordinary circumstances it is a matter of small moment to accept the responsibility without first consulting my darling child, for I would not allow any position to separate us. Therefore, as my daughter takes kindly to the life here and enjoys excellent health and spirits I could not take her back to the home where she pined and was rapidly withering away and death must have soon separated us. I see no reason why your generous offer should be rejected. Wherever she is I am content to be.

Col. T. N. Then the bargain is concluded, and for the sake of Rosa you will take charge of this home of a soldier until his return from abroad.

Mrs. Mack. You know that Rosa is always good, always gay and always cheerful and happy, and so long as she's always these I am likewise.

Col. T. N. Now to receive our guests. (*Crosses to* R. *Enter Rosa and Mrs. Mack joins her at the piano, and examines music.*)

Col. T. N. It is exceeding kind of you all to come, for it is the greatest pleasure you can bestow upon an old man, to accept his hospitality. I assure you I really appreciate the kindly greetings of my relatives. I note, Lady Ann, you have failed to bring my brother, Sir Brian. Ah, here is brother Hobson. How are you, my junior?

Hobson. (*Hands in trousers pockets, strolling in.*) How de doo, brother Tom. I brought Maria with me.

Lady Ann. Why, Maria dear, I was not aware it was you following so close after us. (*Kiss each other.*) It has been an age since we met.

Maria. Why, dear Ann, our occupations are so engrossing and our circles so different.

Lady Ann. Very true, my dear. (*Playfully taps colonel with fan.*) What did I tell you, colonel? Sir Brian wouldn't be able to get away from parliament. Those horrid committees. He was quite vexed at being unable to make his appearance here as promised.

Col. T. N. I guessed they would not let him off. Ah, here is my dear pet, who has always a kiss to greet her old uncle. (*Kisses Ethel.*)

Maria. Yes, yes, dear Ann. I know there are always excuses for gentlemen in parliament, I have received many such. Mr. Shaboney and Mr. Sheney, the leaders of our party, have often and often disappointed me, and had to dine on stone-cold dinners. I felt sure Sir Brian could not come. Nothing could induce Hob-

son or I to forego one of the colonel's parties. Ah, here comes the dear old fellow.

Col. T. N. (*Meets and shakes hands with Hobson.*) I am pretty well, my dear brother, and hope you are the same.

Hobson. (*Hands in both trousers pockets.*) Nearly used up, brother, I went to Marble Head yesterday, was in the hayfield this morning four hours before the train started, and was in the city till after five, reached home in season to catch Maria, and here we are on time for your party, but completely fagged out. (*Aside.*) I wish I could find a place to take a snooze. (*Aloud.*) How de doo. (*Waving his hand.*) Mr. Pendennis, Maria, you remember Mr. Pendennis, don't you?

Maria. Yes, perfectly.

Hobson. I must find a place to indulge in a short nap. (*Yawns and retires to* U. E.)

Col. T. N. Now, ladies, if you will follow me, we'll find seats for you. The Lady of Kew, has already honored us with her presence, and you will be located near her.

Lady Kew. The young lady is very pretty, Ethel. (*Looking toward Rosa through an opera glass.*) How very young her mother appears. Colonel Newcome must present us to Mrs. Mackenzie.

Ethel. (*Takes the colonel's arm and conducts him to the piano.*) My dear uncle, it is your duty now to present these two ladies to grandmother and other connections of our family. (*Colonel bows, conducts the ladies to* R C *and formally presents the ladies. Clive enters from ball room at arch, exchanges a few words with Rosa and waltzes her off into ball room.*)

Mrs. Mackenzie. I have been highly honored by the acquaintance of my lady, Dowager Countess of Kew, Lady Ann and their noble connections. I have procured a copy of the "Peerage" and hope soon to be familiar with the pedigrees of our nobility. My darling daughter shall hereafter be costumed in similar apparel to that worn by Miss Ethel Newcome, and neither of us will commit a breach of etiquette by riding in a cab without a boy in the box, our cards and card cases will be embellished by the most elegant designs. My darling Rosa (*betrays alarm*) has mysteriously disappeared. (*Rosa and Clive waltz to the arch and come down stage.*) Ah, there she is, and here she comes. My darling, have you no acknowledgments to make to this distinguished company for yourself.

Rosa. Mamma knows best about these matters and all the customs of polite society in which we are to move, and will advise and guide me as to the proper course to pursue.

Mrs. Mack. Now, Rosa dear, please favor the assembly with a Scotch ballad or other selection of music.

Col. T. N. (*While arrangement of music is being made.*) I shall be delighted to hear Miss Rosa sing.

Mrs. Mackenzie. (*After the song.*) Was not that most seraphic? She used to sing in the Presbyterian choir. She always wanted to know if I could distinguish the sounds of her sweet voice. Of course I could, anywhere.

Lady Kew. Do you intend to remain long in London. (*Quizzing.*)

Mrs. Mackenzie. We have no wish to quit the charming metropolis.

Lady Kew. (*Aside.*) I suppose that is an indication of an intended wedding. (*Aloud.*) Why should you come if you expected to return so soon?

Mrs. Mackenzie. We will remain as long as it is agreeable.

Lady Kew. (*Aside.*) Then she will stay until her plans are accomplished.

Ethel. (*To Rosa at the piano.*) Do you love music?

Rosa. I adore it intensely. Bellini and Donnozetti are my favorite composers.

Ethel. You are fond of dancing?

Rosa. We were not allowed to dance in Scotland at grandma's, and I cared nothing for it. Now there is no pastime so delightful. Mr. Clive dances very well, indeed.

Ethel. (*Smiling.*) Do you like the country?

Rosa. Not much. Once I was very happy in the country.

Ethel. How do you like London?

Rosa. London is the best place in the world I think; I prefer it. (*Looks around for her mother.*) Oh, there is mamma engaged in discussion with Mr. Pendennis, who is laying down the law to her and smiling and smiling all she knows how.

Pendennis. In fact the woman grins and grins like a Cheshire cat.

Ethel. Mr. Pendennis, you have heard what Rosa has had to say. What do you think of the girl?

Pendennis. I think her simple, humble artlessness is very charming. Her conclusions seem neither decided, profound or original, perhaps due to the preponderating influence of her parent. The smattering statements made by young ladies about the sciences of astronomy and chemistry which form a part of the studies of maidens may confuse and bewilder, and of course she is unable to claim a knowledge of these abstruse branches of education.

Ethel. (*Laughs.*) I, too, must confess my lack of knowledge of these matters, and Rosa can justly claim she is not the only ignoramus present here. Uncle, I was about to seek you; you must walk with me tomorrow, as it is to be your last day in London. (*Exit Lady Kew* R U E.)

Col. T. N. You have only to issue your commands, and, like a good soldier, I obey.

Ethel. Good-night, your dear, good uncle, we must go.

Col. T. N. Not until you have paid the customary toll.

Ethel. It has not been exacted.

Col. T. N. But it will be immediately. (*Kisses Ethel.*)

(*Party preceded by Mrs. Mack, followed by Clive, Rosa, Pendennis and the colonel as they exit* R C.)

Mrs. Mackenzie. Why, I declare, the Dowager Lady Kew has given us the slip. She had a nap while I related the particulars of the governor's ball at Tobago, and the dispute of the two ladies as to which should have precedence, and when I concluded remarked she was weary of hearing old chestnuts continually repeated.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Act II. Ladies' parlor hotel at Baden, Germany. Ent. door* R C, C *door gothic* 3, *closed. Pictures on the wall. Ethel* L *at table for writing discovered. Reads extracts from a letter she has written to Col. T. N. in India. Sir Brian and Lady Ann* L C.

Ethel. There * * * "We met Clive at Bonn on our way to Baden to attend a family gathering here, which may be called the Congress of Baden. He accompanies our party, and mamma says was very kind and useful, for none of us speak a word of German. Lord Kew is our chief, owing to the absence of our grandmother, the Dowager Countess of Kew, who has not arrived as yet. His lordship, when not occupied with the fumes of tobacco smoke, devotes his spare moments to the entertainment of two French ladies, and plays at skittles. Lord and Lady Dorking are here with their beautiful daughter, Lady Clara Pullyn. Barnes Newcome is somewhere en route. Uncle Hobson Newcome has returned to London, suffering from a severe spell of sea sickness. I would not be surprised if Lady Clara changed her name to Newcome. A letter informs us that Lady Kew is detained at Kissengen with an attack of rheumatism, and that poor Aunt Julia was unable to leave her. * * * I think of you always as, your affectionate niece, Ethel."

(*Enter Lady of Kew* R, *attended by Sir Brian and Lady Ann, hobbling on her stick, stops and gazes at the picture of a child hanging on the wall.*)

Ethel. (*While hiding her letter.*) Why, grandmamma! I thought you were ill at Kissengen and couldn't come.

Lady Kew. (*Pointing with stick at picture.*) You have no taste for pictures; only for painters, I suppose.

Ethel. I was not looking at the picture, but at the little green ticket in the corner.

Lady Kew. Which means sold. Of course it is sold. All of Mr. Hunt's efforts are sold, there is not a single picture placed on exhibition but what bears the little green ticket.

Ethel. I think, grandmamma, we young ladies of the world, when we are exhibited, should have a little green ticket pinned to the backs of our dresses with the word "sold" written in large let-

ters; it would prevent the ensuance of trouble and haggling in the future, when the purchaser came to claim us and carry us home.

Lady Kew. Ethel, you are a fool! (*Hobbles to another picture on the wall and exclaims*:) What splendid color; what a romantic gloom; what a *flowing* pencil and dexterous hand. I can delight in good pictures. I can applaud good poety and squeeze out a tear on a good novel, too. Young Dawkins, the rising water color artist, always has a splendid exhibit, as usual, but never a green ticket to indicate its sale. Surely such gems of art should find purchases. I will speak to the keeper about it, and if there is an error will have it rectified.

Ethel. I will pin this green ticket on the front of this white frock to let the world know I have found a customer.

Lady Ann. What do you mean, Ethel?

Ethel. (*Making a curtsey to the dowager and looking her full in the face, turns to her father.*) Papa, I am tableau eau vivant No. 46 in the next exhibition of painters' art works.

Lady Ann. My love, what do you mean?

(*Lady Kew jumps up by aid of her stick and tears ticket from Ethel's bosom. Enter Barnes* R. *Lady Kew, Sir Brian and Lady Ann retire* L.)

Ethel. Barnes, we have quite a collection of Clive's drawings on the table which you may examine if you feel so disposed.

Barnes. I have no desire to examine the trash.

Ethel. We had another pretty row a while ago, which your coming ended.

Barnes. What was it?

Ethel. I pinned a green ticket on my dress like those used on pictures to show that it has been sold, and I contended that young ladies were bought and sold the same as pictures, and that ticket on my dress indicated I had found a customer. When grandmamma saw it she furiously assailed me, and tore the ticket from my bosom. As you came in just afterwards, she retired to her room in high dudgeon.

Barnes. Like most of the members of our family, you are a d——d fool. All women sell themselves for what you call an establishment every day, and so common has the practice become it is high time it was approved and the custom regulated by law. Never mind about the pretence of love and affection at the altar, its sanctity, etc., the apparent dishonor is consummated with the

same *eclat* that attends every wedding. What the deuce does *marriage de convenance* mean? All are the same, and are not such hymeneal more satisfactory often that the most brilliant love matches that ever flamed and burned out? When the presumed sacrifice is made, the less said about it the better.

Ethel. It does not end at the altar. The wretchedness it entails endures for life. (*Exit* L.)

Barnes. That sister of mine has a contrary and rebellious will which needs to be watched. Let's see what the newspapers have to say about events to happen. (*Lights a cigar and seats himself at table* C, *takes a paper from his pocket and proceeds to read.*) Hallo! here is something about marriage in high life. (*Reads aloud.*) Lord Kew and Hon. Jack Belsize have gone to attend a wedding at Baden, Germany. The lady, it is reported, was once the fiance of the last named gentleman. Rumors are afloat that Mr. Barnes Newcome of the well known banking firm of Hobson Brothers & Newcome, son of Sir Brian Newcome, Bart. and M. P., from the borough of Newcome, descended in right line from Bryan de Newcomyn, slain at battle of Hastings, etc., etc., will soon lead to the altar the lovely and accomplished Lady Clara Pullyn, daughter of Lord and Lady Dorking. The friends of the distinguished couple are said to be assembling at Baden to witness the nuptials and tender their congratulations. This information may be worth preservation. (*Cuts out the clipping and puts it in his vest pocket. Enter Sir Brian, Lady Ann and Ethel* C D. *Leave* C D *open, which gives a view of staircase at* 5 G, *up and down which children are to scamper at close of act.*)

Sir Brian. Well, Barnes, my dear son, the arrangements for your wedding have been completed. The Lady Clara was out on the promenade this afternoon walking with her father, when they unexpectedly met Captain Jack Belsize, and the suddenness of the meeting caused the lady to swoon, and she laid for some little time on the ground, utterly unconscious.

Barnes. Poor dear Lady Clara. Of course—of course, it must have been one of the fainting fits to which she has been subject from infancy up. No doubt due to agitation from beholding the infernal villain who treated her so shamefully. Had I been present I would have strangled the scoundrel—I'd have murdered him.

Lady Ann. My son, my son, restrain your rage.

Ethel. It is a mercy, indeed, that Barnes was not there; a fight between the two would have ensued, which would have been fearful, indeed.

Barnes. I am afraid of no man, Ethel. By the eternal. (*Very fierce.*)

Ethel. Hit a man of your size, Barnes. Hit Captain Belsize, he has no friends.

Sir Brian. It is the cause in which we are engaged which lends strength to the body, and our son, having a beautiful creature under his protection, would have found both courage and strength sufficient to master his enemy, and any man under such circumstances would find himself equal to all requirements.

Barnes. (*Aside.*) It is apparent that my governor is failing fast, besides frequent lapses of memory and groggy in his legs he is speeding rapidly towards the time when I will be greeted with his title. Ah, here (*at* C *table*) are those confounded drawings Ethel wanted me to look at. (*Examines same.*) There she is, as usual, on horseback, and the children and dogs crowding near, in the same old grouping. D—n him, I hardly know what to make of the young pothouse villain. He must be still about the premises. Why hasn't Lord Kew knocked his head off? (*To Sir Brian*) Clive is hanging around here and I've no doubt they have met.

Ethel. Who and by what, Barnes?

Sir Brian. Clive here, is he? Ha, you did not mention his presence in your letters, Lady Ann?

Lady Ann. We met him by mere chance at *Bonn.* He speaks German and was very useful to us the whole journey and carried Alfred the whole way in his britzka.

Sir Brian. Boys always crowd into a strange carriage and wantonly kick the shins of all in it. You remember poor Tom, my brother, when we used to ride from Clapham, I felt a special delight in bruising his shins. Tom was a devilish wild fellow in those days.

(*Enter servant* R.)

Servant. My Lord Kew! (*Enter Kew* R.)

Barnes. How do you do, Kew? How's Lady Clara? (*Kew ignores Barnes, crosses and shakes hands with Sir Brian.*)

Kew. I am glad to find you have recovered from your last illness, sir.

Barnes. You have not told me how Clara is, my good fellow. I have heard all about her meeting that detestable villain, Jack——

Kew. Don't call names, my good fellow. It strikes me you don't know Belsize well enough to call him nicknames or by any sobriquet. Lady Clara Pullyn, I hear, is very ill indeed.

Barnes. Confound the fellow. How dared he to come here?

Kew. Dare is another ugly word. I'd advise you to use it to the fellow himself.

Barnes. What do you mean?

Kew. It means that Belsize is determined to have your blood and is walking under the lime trees over there with a thundering big stick to waylay you.

Barnes. (*Barnes displays signs of fear.*) I'm going to my room for a handkerchief. (*Retires* L D *with a pistol in his coat pocket.*)

(*Enter Lady Kew* L D, *re-enter Barnes* L D, *enter Clive* R. *In crossing Clive manages to step on Barnes' foot.*)

Barnes. (*Limps to* R.) D—n clumsiness. (*Shrieks with pain.*)

Clive. (R C) Why do you spread your feet over the surface of the earth. I thought you only swore at women, Barnes.

Barnes. It is you that say things before women. (*Scowling, pulls out handkerchief and pistol, the latter is caught up and put back without being observed.*)

Clive. In what company, Barnes, would you have me call you a snob? Will you have it out on the parade? If so, come out and I'll have it arranged. (*As Barnes makes no reply to the challenge the men laugh. Kew and others laugh, Ha, Ha, Ha.*)

Lady Ann. What wickedness are you laughing at? No good, I'll be bound. Come here, Clive, I want you. (*Kew advances.*)

Kew. Clive trod on Barnes' toes, where his favorite corn is situated. Now he's invited out to adjust the matter, he can't go on account of the pain and torture he endures.

Lady Kew. Hum! as I take it, they are guying poor Barnes for cowardice.

Clive. At your service, dear Lady Ann. (*Exit Ethel* C D.)

Lady Ann. My dear Clive, we are sorry to hear you are going away. You were of the greatest use to us on the journey to this place. I'm sure you have been uncommonly good natured and obliging, and shall miss you very much. It was to extend our feeble thanks for the good service you have rendered and express our hope you will acquire the skill you seek.

Cliv. Thank you, dear aunt, for you have been really good and kind to me, and it is I that will feel lonely, but it is high time I should go to my work.

Lady Kew. Quite time, I should say. Baden is a bad place for young men. They make acquaintances here of which very little good can come. They frequent the gaming tables and associate with the most disreputable French viscounts and croupiers. We

have heard of your goings on, sir. It is a great pity your father did not take you with him.

Lady Ann. My dear mamma, I am sure Clive has been a very good boy, indeed.

Clive. My dear aunt, you have always been very good, and kindness is nothing surprising from you, but Lady Kew's advice, which I should not have ventured to ask, is an unexpected favor. The colonel, my father, knows the extent of my gambling transactions to which her ladyship refers, also the gentleman whom he introduced and whose acquaintance is deemed undesirable.

Lady Kew. (*In good humor.*) My good young man, I think it is time you were off. Go to Rome; go to Florence; go wherever you like, and study very hard, and produce very good pictures; then come back again and we shall be very glad to see you. You have talent; the sketches you have brought are really capital and proclaim your ability.

Lady Ann. Is not he very clever, mamma?

Lady Kew. We are come here, as I suppose you know, Mr. Newcome, upon family matters, and I frankly tell you that I think for your own sake you would be much better away. I wrote my daughter a great scolding letter when I heard you were in this place.

Lady Ann. But, mamma, it was by the merest chance, indeed it was.

Lady Kew. Of course it was by the merest chance, and by the merest chance I heard of it, too. A little bird came while I was at Kissengen and whispered in my ear the unwelcome tidings. You have no more sense, Ann, than a goose. I have told you so a hundred times. (*To Clive.*) In effect, Lady Ann has requested you to stay. I, my good young friend, request you to go away.

Clive. I needed no request, my going, Lady Kew, is my own act. I was going without requiring a guide to show me the door.

Lady Kew. No doubt you were, my friend; my arrival here is the signal for Mr. Newcome's *bon jour.* I am Bogey and I frighten everybody away. (*Rises and goes to* C D.) (*To children.*) Go back and play in the garden, you little brats. Ethel's engagement to Lord Kew has long been settled in our family, though such matters should not be discussed until after they have been accomplished. When we saw your father last in London we heard that you, too—that you, too, were engaged to a young lady of your own rank in life. What was her name now? Let me see, something like Miss MacPherson, I think. No, that was not the name, Miss Mackenzie I'm quite sure. Do not look surprised that I know about your affairs. I am an old witch and know the ins and outs of

many things—more than I am suspected of knowing You will like to say good-bye to your Cousin Ethel; wait and I'll call her. (*Goes to* C D.) Ethel! Ethel! Mr. Clive Newcome is here to bid us all good-bye.

(*The children scamper back when they hear the harsh voice of their great-grandmother. They follow Ethel down the stairway shown through open* C *door in single file holding the train of Ethel, or the skirt of the child in front.*)

(*Enter Ethel* L C *door. Clive rises to meet her.*)

Clive. Yes, I've come to bid all good-bye. My holidays are over and I'm off for Rome. Heaven bless and preserve you—Miss —Miss Ethel; I can say no more—farewell children (*who cluster around and cling to him. Ethel's hand drops mechanically to her side, no pressure takes place. Clive kisses each of the children in turn and rushes off* R.. *Children continue to wail loudly and are led back by Ethel as they come.*)

Child. He sant do. (*On the stair.*)

Continue as Scene 1, *Act II.*

Lady Kew. Are you such a fool, Ethel, to grieve for the young painter and the yellow straggling soft down on his cheek, struggling for life as a matured beard. His drawings are quite pretty, and it is possible for him to earn a couple of hundred pounds a year. You can easily break your engagement with Lord Kew and live happily hereafter on an income of two hundred pounds a year and moonshine, if you are disposed to make the venture.

Ethel. (*Quietly goes to a secretaire or a drawer in table and gathers a portion of Clive's drawings and casts them into set fireplace, being closely observed by dowager.*) There perish beautiful creations and likewise my fondest dreams.

Lady Kew. A very dutiful piece of work and so intended. (*Aside.*) Lord Kew seems safe from her whims now, and it may be supposed that her love for the painter was only inspired by youthful memories of childhood joys.

Ethel. Oh, what a life is ours. How you buy, sell and haggle over your children. It is not for Clive I grieve, poor boy, for our ways in life are henceforth in separate directions. I can not break from my own family, for how warily they watch and control the situation; even if my fate could be escaped, I know too well what welcome he would meet in the family circle. He's only a poor painter, and I a banker's daughter. Had he wealth his reception would be far different—a genuine welcome would await him.

Lady Kew. Lord Kew is of a noble family, whose rights are never impaired by excess of habits. He is free at any moment to resume moral life without blemish or stain, and is assured of a purified reputation.

Ethel. A fortune, a fortune covers all faults, we own it, we are proud of it, we barter rank against money and money against rank at all times, for it is the custom. Why did you marry my father to your daughter? It was neither for his genial disposition or wit. He might have been an angel, but without wealth you would have scorned him. It was the money of the Newcomes that bought my mother.

Lady Kew. Not in your time, Ethel.

Ethel. I wear my green ticket until the owner calls for his purchase. The poor wretch, my brother, and the poor girl you contrived he should marry, Lady Clara. Why does she not fly and escape the hateful bondage of an ill assorted marriage? She perhaps belongs to her family, and in their interest she must be sacrificed. If I should ever love a man of my own free will and accord, I would love him better than the world, than rank, fine horses or titles, all of which I would cheerfully abandon to prove my devotion, which I hold to be the true teachings of the holy sacrament of matrimony. Now I belong to the world and my family, and must do what is their interest to advise. They make a fine marriage for us, but the importance of the impending step may not be duly considered, and when too late the realization is apparent that it would have been better, like the laboring women of this kingdom, to have followed the plough.

Lady Kew. No, Ethel, you would not have followed the plough. These are the fine speeches discoursed by school girls. The showers of the rain and the effects of outdoor exposure spoil the complexion, discolor and harden the features of the face. You would be fatigued and worn out by over-exertion, as the over-worked field hands you so glibly refer to. It is well you understand, you belong to your belongings. You may be aware you are very good looking, but no one knows you conceal a bad temper, which must not be made manifest before marriage. It is fortunate your intended husband has a calm disposition; such a prize seldom falls to the lot of every pretty girl, and pretty girls in general hide their defects. Why, you have already sent your lover away quite scared at your cruelty. I fear he may think you a termagant. When I entertained your poor grandfather he never knew I had a bad temper. Perhaps Lord Kew may pause if he becomes suspicious.

Ethel. Why do you urge this marriage, grandmamma. My Cousin Clive is not so much in love—at least, I should fancy not.

(*Blushes.*) I am bound to own that Lord Kew manifests no eagerness or haste, and I'm quite sure would be willing to postpone the wedding for an indefinite period if consulted as to the date. Then why should you be so very anxious?

Lady Kew. Why, my dear? Because I think young ladies who prefer to work in the fields rather than enter upon an ordinary contract should make hay while the sun shines. Because I think it high time that my grandson should drop his dissolute habits. Because I am sure Kew will make the most affectionate husband and my dear Ethel the prettiest countess in the realm. (*Lady Kew fondly and affectionately regards her granddaughter, who turns and surveys herself in the glass.*)

Ethel. Ah, but, grandmamma, I have the written record of my intended husband's past life; here, read it and answer me if it is not true. (*Lady Kew adjusts her glasses and reads the letter, intently watched by Ethel.*)

Lady Kew. There is neither date nor signature to the letter. I see nothing very objectionable in the circumstances related, that reflect on the accused, certainly none that are worse than told of a thousand young men of pleasure. Besides, the person who would use such means of calumniation are not apt to scruple in the use of false statements to substantiate her account.

Ethel. Her purpose? How do you know it was a woman that wrote it?

Lady Kew. I thought the handwriting was a woman's. It is not likely a man would send an anonymous letter to a young lady in wreaking his hatred on Lord Kew. Frank had no rivals except the young man who has carried his paint boxes to Italy. You don't think *your dear colonel's* son would work such a piece of mischief? You must act as if the letter had never been written; the person who wrote it will be on the watch for its effects, and of course we are too proud to let him see we are wounded, and pray, pray, do not think of letting poor Frank know a word of this horrid transaction.

Ethel. Then the letter is true, you know it is true, grandmamma, and that is why you would have me keep it a secret from my cousin. Besides (*hesitates*) your caution comes too late, Lord Kew has seen the letter.

Lady Kew. You fool. (*Screamed.*) You were not so mad as to show it to him?

Ethel. I'm sure now the letter is true. (*Rising haughtily.*) It is not by calling me bad names that your ladyship will disprove it. Keep them, if you please, for Aunt Julia. She is sick and

weak and unable to defend herself. I do not choose to bear abuse from you or lectures from Lord Kew. He happened to be here a short while since when the letter came, and was good enough to preach me a sermon on his own account. He, to find fault with my conduct. (*Clenching letter.*) He, to accuse me of levity, and to warn me of making improper acquaintances. He began his lectures too soon. I am not a lawful slave yet, and prefer my freedom of action, at least as long as I am free.

Lady Kew. (*With Resentment.*) You told Frank all this, Miss Newcome, and he read the letter?

Ethel. The letter was brought to me whilst his lordship was in the midst of his sermon. I read it (*gathers anger and scorn*) and gave it to him, as I considered it a good commentary on his speech, which, even had he been a bishop, could not have been more polite. He didn't call me a fool, or use a single phrase of reproach. I don't think my Lord Kew will preach to me again.

Lady Kew. I don't think he will, indeed. You don't know what you have accomplished, perhaps more mischief than I can patch up. Now he may find refuge and sympathy with his precious mother. Please ring the bell and order my carriage. I congratulate you on having performed a most charming day's work. Good-bye; I trust I may reach Kehl before his mother, and if I do, may return with some good tidings. (*Exit* R. *Ethel makes a curtsey to her grandmamma.*)

(*Enter Lord Kew.*)

Kew. (*Approaches Ethel kindly and tenderly.*) My dear Miss, if you had loved me you would never have shown me that letter.

Ethel. (*Blushing.*) You are very brave and generous, Frank, and I admit I am captious and wicked. (*He kisses away the tear on her hand.*)

Kew. You must not allow our biographical letter writer to fancy we are hurt. We must still appear as good friends as we ever were. My time is limited and I have made an engagement which must be met and the hour is nearly by. Perhaps I had better say *farewell,* Miss Newcome. (*Aside as he exits R*) Now to the field of honor.

Ethel. Yes, we will always be good friends, but lovers—never more. (*Exits* L, *sighs.*)

(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE 2.—*Act II. Chamber in hotel at Kehl, Germany. Iron bedstead, bed and bolster* L, *flat with* R *and* L D, *one of which opens into a cupboard, the other,* R, *enters Lady Waltham's chamber and is locked, key inside.*

Kew. Dear mother, it is a beautiful morning and I feel strong enough to take a stroll in the garden of the hotel.

Lady Waltham. Be prudent, my dear son, and not overtax your strength. How is Ethel? You have not mentioned her name since your arrival.

Kew. Ethel is very clever, exceedingly handsome and very good to her relatives. Ask me no more.

Lady Waltham. I am really sorry to hear of Sir Brian's condition. It is a pity that a worldly man like him should be so near the grave, and so little prepared for it.

Kew. Every man for himself! Sir Brian has led an exemplary life. He went to church every Sunday and had prayers in his family night and morning, yet he has never been half so well liked as his brother, Colonel Tom Newcome. Now, mother, if you will let me go I'll take my walk. (*Exeunt* L. *Enter Lady Kew and Lady Waltham. The former seats herself in armchair near the empty bed.*)

Lady Kew. I have been detained at a wretched Dutch hostelry for a whole week with rheumatism and ought to have been here a week ago. Frank, my dear boy, what a pretty fright you have given us all. I ought to have reached here to have nursed you over a week ago, when your wound was fresh. They should not keep you in this horrid noisy room on the street. (*Feels for the patient.*) Ho! what does this mean? The boy is not here.

Lady Wal ham. It is not Frank you are talking to, Lady Kew. It is only a bolster. I'd have you know, madam, I don't keep the boy in a noisy room facing the street.

Lady Kew. Ah, this is the way to find him, I suppose. (*Speaking to door* L *in front of her.*) Ah, Frank, you thought we could not find you, but you see we have found you. (*Pulls door open and finds an empty cupboard. Sinks back aghast. Tries* R D *and finds it locked on inside.*)

Lady Kew to Lady Walham. You will please see that I am provided with a comfortable room and another, next to mine, for my maid. I will thank you to see to this matter yourself. I suppose Frank is locked up in that room with a basin of gruel and a book of Watts' hymns.

(*Enter servant* L.)

Lady Walham. Peacock, the Dowager Countess proposes to stop

here-over night; please ask the landlord to assign the room requested by Lady Kew. If, madam, my son is locked up in any room, his mother is his best nurse. The room you found locked on the inside is the one I occupy in order that I may be close at hand if Frank should require anything. As far as I am concerned I may live out of the world, but I hear sometimes of queer things happening in it. You tell me I am a fool, and a prude, and I have to thank you for separating my child from me. Yes, you, for so many years of my life.

Lady Kew. I did not come to see you, or for the abuse you have given me.

Lady Walham. I know very well you did not come to see me, and I also know very well, now that my son's life has been spared without your aid, you want to drag him back to ruin and sin.

Lady Kew. It were best that you were confined in a straight jacket. Her nursing of her son seems to have turned her head. I came to see my grandson, Lord Kew. Why have I been alone with this mad woman and forced to listen to her ravings?

Lady W. My son will soon be here to receive you. I implore you to say nothing that will agitate him.

(*Enter Lord Kew* R.)

Lady Kew. Bless me, my dear child. How well you look. Many a girl would give the world to have such a complexion. There's nothing like a mother for a nurse. Ah, no, Maria, you deserve to be a mother superior of a convent of Sisters of Charity. You do. We have had a sad sad time between anxiety for Sir Brian and about you, you naughty boy. I heard of your being wounded and expected to reach here before you, but was detained by rheumatism at a stupid German inn for a whole week without sufficient accommodations. I wonder how I got through it all. Dr. Finch would not sanction the journey to Kehl, so I came without his consent.

Kew. I am sure it was uncommonly kind of you, ma'am.

Lady Kew. The horrible woman who wrote a certain letter, against whom I have always warned you—but young people never heed the advice of their grandmothers—has left Baden for good, I am informed. She ought to be kept on bread and water for the remainder of her life. The Dorkings were to go home last Tuesday. Lady Clara is really a dear little artless creature. I am sure you will like her Maria. As for Ethel, I really think she is an angel. I know where she would like to be now, the dear child, and if Frank should fall ill again he won't have a mother or a useless grandmother to nurse him. I have got some very pretty mes-

sages to deliver from her, but they are only for your ears, my lord. Not even mamma's may hear them.

Kew. Do not go, mother. My cousin Ethel is a noble young creature. She had admirable qualities which I appreciate with all my heart, and beauty, which you know I worship. I have thought of her a great deal while I laid stretched on the bed yonder, and this very morning I wrote to her.

Lady Kew. *Bien,* Frank. (*Smiles.*)

Kew. I wrote to her on the subject of our last conversation. Some cowardly hand had written to her an account of my past life and she showed me the letter. Then I told her if she had loved me she would never have shown the letter to me, and bade her a farewell. I am a poor weak devil, I know, and too easily led into temptation, and I should only make matters worse if I married without that love which ensures true happiness and only ends with life, or, perhaps, with eternity.

Lady Kew. Ethel care for the world! (*Gasped out.*) She's the most artless, affectionate creature, my dear Frank.

Kew. Ah, if I had been the painter, and young Clive had been Lord Kew, which of us do you think she would have chosen? Her judgment is infallible. Clive is a brave, handsome, honest young fellow, and is a thousand times cleverer and better in every respect than I.

Lady Walham. Not better, my dear, thank heaven.

Lady Kew. No, I don't think he is better, Frank. (*Rises upon her stick.*) I really feel I am unworthy to be in so much pious company with so much exquiste virtue, which is much enhanced by the thought, my lord, of the pecuniary sacrifice you are making to carry out your noble principles, for I suppose you are aware I have been hoarding money, yes saving, pinching and denying myself the necessities of life, in order that my grandson might one day have sufficient means to support the dignity of his rank and station. (*With energy.*) Go, live and starve, in your dreary old barn of a house. Marry a parson's daughter.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*Act III. Drawing room Park Lane, London. Ethel, Lady Ann and Clive discovered, the latter engaged in drawing pictures. Enter Marquis of Farintosh* R.

Lord F. Glad to see you, ladies. Had an awful stupid time last evening because Miss Ethel was not there. Really, pon honor, the party was a stupid affair.

Ethel. We will take your simple word for the fact. Permit me, Lord Farintosh, to make you acquainted with my cousin, Mr. Clive Newcome. (*Bow and shake hands. Clive is inspected by a single glass and with one eye of Lord Farintosh.*)

Lord F. In the army, Mr. Newcome?

Clive. No, sir; I'm a painter. You have heard of our ancestor, the barber surgeon?

Lord F. Who the deuce was he? (*Aside.*)

Ethel. He was one of our ancestors.

Lord F. Ah, yes, I forgot! But you are of a very old family?

Ethel. We can't help it. Why should we disclaim our ancestors? (*Looks over Clive's shoulder.*) Why, I declare, he has made the barber surgeon, our ancestor, resemble Mr. Punch. (*Handing picture to Lady Ann.*)

Lady Ann. So he has, and it is a droll funny conception. Isn't it captal, Lord Farintosh?

Clive. I suppose, sir, you consider it a shame to caricature one's own flesh and blood.

Lord F. I dare say, I confess, I don't quite understand this sort of thing. Don't, pon my honor. I frequently see caricatures in the illustrated papers, but can never comprehend 'em. You'll go with me to Lady Inshower's party? You mustn't let Miss Blackcap have it all her own way.

Ethel. She won't have it all her own way, never fear.

(*Enter servant with plate of tarts, which places before Ethel and exits.*)

Ethel. Won't you partake, Lord Farintosh. I can vouch for their quality for my aunt at Brighton is like the queen of hearts, famous for her tarts and good lodgings.

Lord F. They are doocid good. (*Hands his plate for more.*) The cook of the lodgings is a stunner.

Ethel. The cook? Dear me, it is not the cook. Don't you re-

member in the Arabian Nights who was such a stunner for tarts, Lord Farintosh?

Lord F. I can't say I do.

Ethel. I thought not. But there was a princess in Arabia, or China, or somewheres, who made such delicious tarts and custards that nobody could compare with, and there is an old lady in Brighton who has the same wonderful talent.

Clive. And she is our aunt, and sister of our uncle, Rev. C. Honeyman, the preacher.

Lord F. Upon my honor, did you make 'em, Lady Ann?

Lady Ann. The Honeyman pedigree is not a subject for investigation. Please have the goodness to remove these things.

Lord F. Then you'll go with me this evening, Miss Ethel? Ta ta to all! (*During exit* R *of Lord F. he muses aside.*) Pon my honoh, what uncommonly queer people these Newcomes are. The fellow Clive is a painter by trade, his uncle a preacher, his father a horse dealer and his aunt lets lodgings and cooks dinners. I wonder if I am to come much in contact with such common relatives.

(*Exit Lady Ann* L. *Enter Lady Kew hobbling on stick* R.)

Lady Kew. (*Seats herself in easy chair.*) At last I have reached London, the Gods be praised. I have hardly had a wink of sleep since I left you at Baden. How is your father?

Ethel. He appears to be better, has had a good rest, and I think has more use of his limbs.

Lady Kew. I wish I had a good night's rest.

Ethel. I thought you were nursing your grandson at Kehl.

Lady Kew. I would have nursed him had I not found a nurse in charge.

Ethel. And Frank is pretty near well, grandmamma?

Lady Kew. Well! He looks as pink as a girl in her first season. I found him and his sainted mother in charge as nurse. I think she was hearing him his catechism, and I guess you can imagine why I came back so soon.

Ethel. Because you quarrelled with Lady Walham, grandmamma. I believe I have heard there was always a difference between you.

Lady Kew. My grandson told me he had written to you?

Ethel. Yes, and had you delayed your journey you would have spared me the humiliation of it.

Lady Kew. You—the humiliation, Ethel?

Ethel. Yes, madam. Do you suppose it is nothing to have me bandied about from bidder to bidder, and offered for sale to a gentleman who will not buy me. Why have you and all the family

been so eager to get rid of me? Why should you suppose Lord Kew would like me? What attractions have I in comparison with such a woman as the Duchess de Ivry? for this man, from whom I am parted by good fortune, who now writes me we are forever separated. Yet your ladyship must go and entreat him to give me another trial. It is too much, grandma. Do please let me stay where I am, and do not worry me with more schemes for my establishment in life. Be contented with the happiness you have secured for Lady Clara Pullyn and my brother. Leave me to care for myself and my poor father. Here, at least, I know I am doing right. There goes my father's bell, he likes for me to be with him at breakfast to read his newspapers to him.

Lady K. Stay a little, Ethel. (*In trembling voice.*) Heaven knows,I have had but little comfort from my children, even from you and Frank, upon whom I had set my heart and loved you both out of all my grandchildren. It was natural I should wish to see you come together, and it was with this end in view I have been saving money these many years that have passed, and when I am ready to bestow it, he flies to the arms of his mother, who has been pleased to hate me all her life, who took away my own son from me, and has now enthralled my son's son, towards whom my only fault was, I loved him too well, and consequently spoiled him. Don't leave me, too, my child; let an old woman have something she can lavish her affections upon in her old age. I am not angry with you in the least for the hard words you have used. All I desire is to see you in the position that becomes you most. In which do I do wrong? Ho, silly girl! give your little hand. How hot it is; mine is as cold as a stone, and shakes, doesn't it? It was a pretty hand once, like yours. What did Ann, your mother, say to Frank's letter?

Ethel. I did not show it to her.

Lady K. Let me see it, my dear child. (*Coaxingly.*)

Ethel. There is all that is left of it (*pointing to the ashes in set fireplace*); it met the fate of Clive's pictures.

SCENE 2.—*Act III. Back Parlor* B. *Aunt Honeyman's lodgings at Brighton. Clive and Ethel discovered sofa* L *tete-tete.*

Clive. Here we are at the one destination, I trust you found your parent much improved, and will find a hearty welcome during your brief stay in Brighton.

Ethel. Father appears to have improved but little, but I expect to be as happy in the company of my parents as I can be during my brief sojourn.

Clive. As yet I have had no opportunity to pay my respects to Aunt Honeyman, but I rest assured of the usual genuine welcome. The hour and one-half occupied in our trip seemed to me the shortest I ever experienced, and I regretted our arrival, for the reason we would have to part company.

Ethel. I am glad it is over, for fear of what may be reported of our doings in the tunnel while the train was passing through, although I am unconscious of anything wrong.

Clive. I know what I wished might happen at the time.

Ethel. What?

Clive. I wanted silence, to think over my joys, but the noise of the engine and the clatter of the wheels prevented, and in order to communicate to you I was obliged to lean over and place the organ of speech near your sense of hearing, and bawl at the top of my voice in your ear. Then it was I wished that the tunnel might fall in upon us; or that we might travel on together forever and forever and say what we pleased, without the least danger of being overheard, no matter how loud I might bawl. The report of the incident referred to appears to have originated with your lady maid.

Ethel. Yes, and such observers see more than they observe, and relate accordingly. (*Goes to window and looks out.*) I was looking to see if a carriage had come for me.

Clive. I have one at the door that I hire by the hour, and I will take you anywhere, for time is no object; or you can take it without my company, as that seems not to be desirable.

Ethel. Your company is sometimes very pleasant; sometimes you are not particularly lively.

Clive. It were best I had gone?

Ethel. If you think so, I cannot but think so.

Clive. You know I follow you? Can I live on a smile vouchsafed at long intervals? and that no brighter than you give to all the world? I may see you night after night, happy, smiling and triumphant, hear your beauty praised, and behold you the partner of other men. Does it add to your triumph to think I behold your gayety? You seem proud to have a host of scalps in your belt; the more there are the greater your conquests.

Ethel. My admirers may be many; if they find me alone, may by chance compliment me with such specches as you make? That would add to my pleasure indeed. Answer me, here in return: Clive, have I ever disguised from any of my friends the regard I have for you? Have I not taken your part when maligned by others? In former days—when Lord Kew asked me, as he had

right to do then—I said it was as a brother I held you; and always would. If I ever have done wrong, it was two or three times in seeing you, without the authority of those I have to obey. Do you think I have not had hard enough words said to me about you, but that you must attack me, too, in return? The other night at the ball I was wrong in telling you I would be there, too—as we went home. (*Breaks down with emotion.*) Go, sir. I never thought you would have seen me in this humiliation!

Clive. Is it possible that I should have made you shed tears? Oh, dry them. Forgive me, Ethel, forgive me. I have no right to be jealous or to reproach you. I should not be proud or angry that I hear my Ethel praised by others. My dear, dear sister, even if you can be no more nearer to me.

Ethel. I'll be all that, always, whatever harsh things you may say or think of me. There, sir, I am not going to be so foolish as to cry again. I like you with your mustaches best, and you must not cut them off again. You remember the day Lord Farintosh asked if you were in the army, and I thought to myself, why is he not?

Clive. I should have been in the army if my father thought me fitted for it, and I am satisfied no one can help me to distinction but through the efforts I achieve in the profession I have chosen, and it is beyond my ability, which should be of the first order, for without genius I can never hope to attain celebrity.

Ethel. And you will never give up painting?

Clive. No, never! It would be like deserting a devoted friend and aimlessly wandering off in search of fresher and of less devoted friendship. I would never quarrel against man or matron from following her chosen vocation. But why should women, who are alleged to be free, rebel against nature, shut their hearts up, sell their lives for rank and money and forego the most sacred right of their liberty? Ethel, you seem like a queen to me somehow, and I am but a poor humble fellow who may possibly be happy if he could believe you were. In those balls where I have seen you surrounded by noble young men and wealthy admirers, who may, like me, have often thought how could one aspire and ask her to forego a palace and share the crust of a poor painter.

Ethel. You spoke quite scornfully about high life a while ago and I will not deny the regard for me you express, and which is believed to be sincere. But it were best not said, Clive; best for me not to own that I know it. In your speeches, my poor boy—please not make any more, or I can never see you or speak to you again, never—you forget one part of a girl's duty—*obedience*

to her parents. They would never agree to my marrying any one below my station—any one whose union would not be advantageous, in a worldly point of view. I could never give such pain to the poor father, or to the kind mother, who has never used a harsh word to me since my birth. My grandmamma is kind in her way. I came to her of my own free will, when she said I was her chosen heiress. Do you think it was for myself alone I was glad, all the welfare of the little people dependent upon me, Clive—perhaps your own as well. Now do you see *brother,* why you must not speak to me so no more? Did the exhibition accept any of your pictures?

Clive. Yes, two of the five I sent.

Ethel. One of which, I suppose, is Miss Rosa Mackenzie?

Clive. Yes, a sweet little face, too delicate for my heavy hand to portray with justice.

Ethel. A wax doll face, pretty pink cheeks, china blue eyes and coarse hair, the color of hemp, her first hair.

Clive. I must bid you goodnight, without shaking hands.

Ethel. Oh yes, you may shake hands once more, but no squeezing is allowed. (*Exit Clive* R, *Ethel* L.)

(*Close of Act III.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*ACT IV. Reception room, Tyburnia mansion. Sideboard* L. *Table at* C. *Colonel T. Newcome and Clive discovered seated sipping wine.*

Col. T. N. My dear Clive, when I returned to London I had no knowledge of the relations subsisting between you and our little Rosa. From one of your letters I had learned that Ethel's engagement with the Earl of Kew had been broken off and the lady had no suitor for her hand. Knowing the mutual attachment that had always subsisted between you and her, I conceived the time favorable for a renewal of the proposition I had once before made in your behalf, and which was rejected, as I surmised, on account of our lack of wealth, and as we had since accumulated riches I agreed to bestow my entire wealth on you on condition that you wedded my beloved niece Ethel. Your cousin, who professed great friendship for us, pretended and said that project met with his entire approbation, and agreed to promote the union to a successful issue. He was selected to negotiate the matter. It is hardly necessary to say he played us false. All the lies he invented were made apparent, and I had the satisfaction of denouncing him in the presence of his employers. When you informed me of your engagement to Rosa I hailed it with delight as the only remedy that would ensure your future happiness, and urged forward the preparation for your wedding at Brussels.

Clive. I am deeply sensible, dear father, of your solicitude for my future.

(*Enter Rosa* L, *approaches sideboard and fills a glass of wine for the colonel.*)

Col. T. N. Some unpleasant rumors as to our investments have reached my ears, but I give them no credence. Still I feel some uneasiness for others in the same boat whom we have induced to embark with us. (*Rosa archly offers the wine to the colonel, while Clive helps himself.*)

Rosa. (*Misapprehending the subject of conversation.*) Why, papa, it is not a matter to make you uneasy. Mamma is not an angel and never was. At first it made me quite nervous, now I don't mind it a bit and have become quite used to it. Mamma used to scold me all day, both Josey and I, when we lived in Scotland, until grandmamma sent her away. And then again in Fitzroy Square, and while we were in Brussels waiting for Clive

to come, and she used to box my ears and go off into awful tantrums.

Clive. Yes, I've seen her box Rosa's ears in Fitzroy Square, and the pair would come down the stairway with their arms around each other's waist, smiling and smirking as if they had done nothing else but kiss each other all their mortal lives. What does Othello know about women when he imagines he is wedded to a smiling, artless creature? (*Exit Rosa* L U E.)

Col. T. N. You would not have her tell tales out of school, would you?

Clive. No, but she might have mentioned facts to a loving husband that marred her own happiness.

Col. T. N. I am glad to learn from later information that the fears I expressed have no foundation in fact. The tremendous indigo crop of the East has materially advanced our interests. The time seems opportune to enter the political arena, Clive. Either you or I should oppose the candidacy of Barnes. The scoundrel has been false from his infancy up.

Clive. I am no speaker, sir, and know nothing about parties or politics, which do not interest me in the least.

Col. T. N. I wish I knew what would interest you? Either you or I may successfully oppose Barnes, and if you are not willing to offer yourself I suppose I must. I suppose you perceive that all our friends admire the simple petite bride, who has supplanted her better known rival.

Clive. Simple! Certainly.

Col. T. N. A simpleton of twenty is better than a roue of the same age. It is better to not have thought at all than to have thought such things as must have passed through the mind of a girl whose life is a succession of jilts and jilting, whose eyes, as soon as they are opened, are turned towards the main chance, are taught to leer at an earl, languish at a marquis and grow blind at sight of a commoner. (*Enter Rosa* L U E.) I am in earnest about this campaign against that rascal Barnes, and hope the opportunity will come to humilate the scoundrel.

Rosa. Papa dear, Clive does not think Barnes is a rascal.

Clive. (*Aside.*) My wife appeals to my parent on all occasions; it is from him and not me she seeks counsel; be it a ribbon in her cap, or any other trifling matter, she takes color from his opinion, and, rather than wound him, whom I know is guided by the purest and best judgment, I yield my own convictions. What a slave life, that he has made for me.

Rosa. How interested you are, papa, in the old newspaper.

Col. T. N. Clive is like you, Rosa, (*laying paper down*) he does not care for politics.

Rosa. He only cares for pictures, papa. He would not drive with me in the park yesterday, but spent hours in his room, while you were toiling in the city, my poor papa. He spent hours painting a horrid beggar, dressed like a monk, seeking alms. And this morning was up quite early and was gone ever so long, and only got back after the breakfast bell rang.

Clive. I like to ride horseback in the early morning.

Rosa. Ride horseback, do you? You came back with your hands all over with black paint, and so you come back many times from that old studio, as you call it. Yes, you know you do, and (*tossing up her head, cap and ribbons*) get up so early in the morning that you fall asleep and leave me alone. Very pleasant and polite, aint he, papa?

Col. T. N. I am up betimes in the morning, for I have letters to write and business to attend to. We are all early birds in India.

Rosa. Yes, dear kind papa, that's all right for you, but quite different from what he does. (*Pouts, puts out a hand and pats the colonel's face.*)

Col. T. N. Rosa, if I do not go to Newcome today to attend the hustings, we will drive out this afternoon and see your portrait, my dear daughter.

Clive. The colonel and I are walking on a mine, and that poor little wife is perpetually flinging little shells to fire it. Sometimes I wish it were exploded and I done for. Rosa comes to the studio, walks around and admires everything. When she looks at what my chums have done she goes into ecstacies, exclaiming, "How soft. How sweet," recalling some of mother-in-law's dreadful expressions, but when she examines my work she's silent and never deigns to give it a second look. I hear all the dreadfull repetitions and shudder when I hear them.

Rosa. Let mamma alone, she is not quarreling with you now. (*Pouts.*) Clive scarcely ever drives out now. Papa always takes me with him.

Clive. She has such a swell turnout. I am ashamed of it.

Col. T. N. I don't understand you young men. I don't see why you need be ashamed to ride with your wife on the course in her own carraige. Come, Clive, it is time for us to be off. (*Rosa brings the colonel his hat and cane and he kisses her.*) Good-bye, daughter dear. Don't forget our drive this afternoon. (*Exit* R. *Clive gets his own hat.*)

Rosa. Now, Mr. Clive, you can go to your old studio and paint, and paint your hands all black, come home to dinner and sleep all night long and fear no disturbance. (*Closes scene.*)

SCENE 2.—*Act IV. Plain chamber in hotel at Newcome,* R *and* L *doors. Col. T. N. discovered drinking cold negus and puffing at his pipe. Cold room—fires out. Enter Clive with lighted candle, both regarding each other.*

Col. T. N. (*In trembling voice.*) Heaven bless me, my boy, how ill you appear! Come and warm yourself—ah, the fire is out. Have something else, my boy, that will warm you up. (*Hands him a glass of negus, which he drinks down.*)

Clive. (*With emotion.*) You look very ill, too, father.

Col. T. N. Ill? Not I. Such a battered old fellow as I am has the right to look the worse for wear. But you, boy, why do you look so pale?

Clive. I have seen a ghost, father.

Col. T. N. Come, your mind must be wandering, my child.

Clive. The ghost of my youth, the ghost of my happiness and the days of my life. I saw Ethel today; I went to see Sarah Mason and she was there.

Col. T. N. I saw her, but would not speak to her. I thought best not to mention her to you, my poor boy. And are—are you still fond of her, Clive?

Clive. Still! Once means always in these things, father, doesn't it? Once means today, yesterday and forever and ever.

Col. T. N. Nay, my boy, you mustn't talk to me so, or even to yourself so. You have the dearest wife at home, a dear little wife and child.

Clive. You had a son, you have been kind enough to him, as heaven knows. You had a wife, but that does not prevent other—other thoughts. Do you know, you never twice in your life mentioned my mother? You didn't care for her.

Col. T. N. I—I did my duty by her; I denied her nothing. I scarcely ever had a word with her, and I did my best to make her happy.

Clive. I know, but your heart was with the other. So is mine. It's fatal; it runs in the family, father.

Col. T. N. I did my best, Clive. I went to that villain Barnes and offered him to settle every shilling I was worth on you, I did. You didn't know that. I'd kill myself to serve you, Clive. I can live upon a crust and a cigar. I don't care about a carriage, and

only go in it to please Rosa, but the scoundrel played us false; he did and so did Ethel.

Clive. No, sir. I thought so in my rage once, but know better now. She was the victim, not the agent. Did Madam de Florac play you false when she married her husband? It was her fate and she underwent it. We all submit to it; we are in the track and the car passes over us. You know it does, father. Besides, Ethel does not care for me. She received me today quite coldly, and held her hand out as if we had only parted last year. I suppose she has some lingering affection for the marquis who jilted her. How can we know what wins the hearts of women? There was my fate. Praise be to Allah! it is over.

Col. T. N. But there's that villain who injured you. His isn't over yet. (*Clenches his trembling hand.*)

Clive. Ah, father, let us leave him to Allah, too. Suppose Madam de Florac had had a brother who had injured you, you know you wouldn't have revenged yourself. You would have wounded her in striking him.

Col. T. N. You challenged Barnes yourself, boy.

Clive. That was for another cause, and not for my quarrel. And how do you know I intended to fire? By jove, I was so miserable then that an ounce of lead would have done me little harm.

Col. T. N. Mashallah! Clive, my boy, what is done is done.

Clive. Let us break up camp before this place and not go to war with Barnes, father. Let us have peace and forgive him if we can.

Col. T. N. And retreat before this scoundrel?

Clive. What is victory over such a fellow? One gives a chimney sweep the wall, father.

Col. T. N. I say again what is done is done. I have promised to meet him at the hustings, and I will. I think it best. And you are right, and you counsel me like a high-minded gentleman, as you are, dear, dear old boy—not to meddle in the quarrel—though I didn't think so. The difference gave me great pain and I'm wrong, and thank heaven my own son shed the light that convinced me of my error. Let us go to bed. (*Shake hands and embrace at the entrance to their bed rooms. Exit Clive* R D, *colonel at* L D.)

SCENE 3.—*Act IV. Tyburnia Mansion of Colonel T. Newcome, London. Col. T. N. discovered at table* L C *arranging papers relating to the failure of the Bundelcund Banking Company.*)

Col. T. N. It is no use. My brain continues in a whirl and now, after poring all day over this mass of papers and documents, I appear to be where I commenced. I can make neither head nor tail of its affairs. It is certain the bank has bu'sted and is unable to meet its obligations, and that an effort will be made here in London to hold the shareholders responsible for the deficiency, in which case I and other shareholders are ruined, for I have induced many friends to invest their all in the rotten concern, and in honor bound feel to make their investments good, even if I sacrifice every farthing I can rake and scrape. (*Sounds of laughter off* L.) Ah, the ladies and their invited guests are going up stairs to give the baby a parting kiss. I had a glimpse of Mrs. Mackenzie superbly arrayed in a brand new toilette never before equalled. Ah, here they come down to try and drag me from the work before me.

(*Enter* L *Mrs. Mackenzie, Captain Goby, Clive and Rosa* L.)

Omnes. Why, colonel, are you not going with us?

Col. T. N. Ah, to the opera, and the invited guests have all come?

Rosa. Yes, all are ready, and the carriages await us at the door. Come, papa dear, it is time we were gone.

Col. T. N. (*Glancing over his work.*) I think it best we should stay at home.

Rosa. Papa looks ill, something disturbs him. If you can't go with us, Captain Goby will take your place, and he and mamma will be our chaperones.

Mrs. Mack. Indeed! Rosa has set her heart on going, and would be so sadly disappointed in her present condition.

Col. T. N. Captain Goby, I regret very much that our going will have to be postponed. I have matters of importance to communicate to the family. (*Captain Goby exit* R.)

Clive. Has it come, father?

Col. T. N. (*Draws Rosa towards him and kisses her.*) Something has happened, Rosa dear, which requires all your fortitude to bear, my child, for a great misfortune has befallen us.

Mrs. Mack. Great heaven, colonel! What is it? Don't frighten my beloved child. (*Rushes to her daughter and encircles her in her arms.*) What can have occurred? Don't agitate my darling child, sir.

Col. T. N. The very worst news has come from Calcutta, which confirms the apprehensions we expressed some days ago, Clive.

Clive. It is no news to me, for I have been expecting it to occur for some time.

Mrs. Mack. Expecting what to occur? What have you been keeping back from us? In what have you been deceiving us, Colonel Newcome? (*Shrieked out.*)

Rosa. Oh. mamma, mamma. (*Whimpered.*)

Col. T. N. The chief of the Bundelcund Bank in India is dead. He has left the bank affairs in worse than disorder. I fear we are ruined, Mrs. Mackenzie. Its bills may be going to protest in this city this very day.

Mrs. Mack. (*Rises in frantic wrath.*) I vow and protest that the money which the colonel induced me to put in this bank shall not be sacrificed, and I will have it back, bank or no bank, next Monday morning. My daughter had a fortune of her own inherited from my dear brother James, which should have been equally divided between us and would have been more fairly but for the influence of pretended friends. I mean Colonel Newcome. If he desires to bear the reputation of the honest man he claims to be to account for every shilling of my daughter's fortune, that has passed through his hands into this rotten bank. The dear little darling sleeping unconsciously upstairs, and the innocent brothers and sisters that may follow the first born, may know, when they come to know they have rights, who it was that robbed and cheated the helpless innocents. I knew that my darling was too young to marry when she did, and she never would have married had she listened to me. I demand that the baby and its successors shall be looked to and cared for by its grandmother so long as their father's father should be so heartless and wicked as to give their money to rogues.

Rosa. (*In tears.*) Oh, mamma, mamma.

Clive. Hold your tongue! (*Sharply.*)

Mrs. Mack. (*Clutches her daughter to her breast and turns on Clive.*) Both father and son are in the conspiracy to defraud our descendants of their bread. Yes, I will speak. No power on earth shall prevent me, and I will have my money on Monday as sure as my poor husband is in his grave. Yes, had Captain Mackenzie been alive we would never have been cheated, yes, cheated.

Rosa. (*In piping tone jaculates:*) Dear darling, ruined and cheated baby.

Col. T. N. This babel of tongues must be silenced, for not until then shall we know what has occurred, and what we may

expect to occur. I am liable at any moment to be declared a bankrupt, all my property, wherever found, will be seized and sold for the benefit of creditors of the defunct bank. Rosa and her mother must abandon their present quarters and go somewhere where they will be safe from annoyance. Clive may accompany them and earn their support. For all I know to the contrary, the minions of the law may be on our trail, hence it is best to quit this house at once. Go pack your trunks. (*Door bell rings; much confusion and anxiety to avoid the harpies of justice; ladies scream.*)

Mrs. M. Come, Rosa dear, let us go and pack our trunks.

Col. T. N. Please remember to take nothing but what is your own and may be needed. Clive, you will see what is packed up and taken away.

Mrs. Mack. It is my duty and my religion that impels me to protect my defenceless darlings, who are cast upon the streets after they have been fleeced and cheated of all they had. If my poor dear Mack was alive you would never have dared to do this, Colonel Newcome. Come, Rosa my love, let us pack your things. Let us go and hide our heads in sorrow somewhere. Ah, didn't I warn you to beware of all painters? Clarence Hoby was a true gentleman and loved you with all his heart and would never have flung you out on the world after cheating you out of your money, but I will have justice as sure as there is justice in England. (*Exeunt Clive, Rosa and Mrs. Mack.*)

Col. T. N. I may have done wrong (*hangs his head*), not intentionally, but with the aid of an old silly brain.

(*Re-enter Clive, Rosa and Mrs. Mack. Clive and colonel conduct ladies to their carriage, exeunt* R. *Close of scene.*)

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—*Act V. Library, country seat Sir Barnes at Newcome. Enter Mrs. Laura Pendennis and Ethel Newcome* L.

Ethel. I sent for you, Laura dear, because I had not seen you for a long time and because I had much to communicate as to the situation of our affairs. I have told you the particulars of Lady Clara's elopement, Lord Highgate's assault of my brother, the declination of Lord Kew to consummate our engagement on the ground that it had no foundation in love and that no happiness could exist unless cherished by a mutual love, which should be the basis of every marriage.

Laura. The reasoning is indisputable, and the discovery was timely. I do not wonder at Lady Clara's elopement, the result of cruelty.

Ethel. My poor grandmother, the Lady Kew, when I ventured to point out the necessity of mutual love before marriage, used to cite the experience of our friends who had made love matches, so termed, and now quarrelled fiercely as though they had never loved each other; to climax her argument she would cite the case of the duchess who was murdered by her lord in France. To my mind it was a contradiction of mutual love, for no such result could have happened if both loved. I can remember the sort of screech with which she clinched her argument on the mere assertion that it was a love match.

Laura. I remember something of reading the circumstances.

Ethel. The dear old lady was guided in her selections by the desire to promote the happiness of her own flesh and blood, actuated entirely by the love she had for them, though her efforts in my behalf would have resulted as unfortunately as all her plans did. At that time Lady Kew advocated marriages with or without love. I readily became a convert to her opinions and availed myself of their advocacy as an excuse for my own actions. You know I was fond of admiration, rank and display of wealth, all of which I was offered by Lord Farintosh, grandmamma's latest selection, and became engaged to that nobleman. My earthly adviser, having relinquished all her schemes for my establishment by the inevitable fiat of death, I took upon myself the duty of investigating the character and antecedents of the choice made for me, and found myself engaged to marry a frivolous fop, with shallow brain, wrapped up in the glaring and selfish conceit of

his own superior importance. I at once concluded there was no happiness in view for me in such a union, and the result was a letter of declination, which I have already shown you. It was no hasty step, for previous to my final decision I talked with him daily and fully understood his character, and yet the fool has not sense enough to perceive the hopelessness of his suit, but still flutters about me, with his idle prattle and promises.

Now, Laura dear, I want to show and discuss with you the important discovery I have made, which I sincerely hope may materially change the misfortunes of my dearly beloved uncle and his son. Last evening Madame de Florac talked to us of Orme's History of India. When I reached home I took the volumes from the bookcases and found this codicil to my grandmother's will. (*Hands the document to Laura.*) I at once recognized Mrs. Newcome's handwriting; the letter is dated on the very day of her death. I have often heard papa speak of her writing on that night. Read it and let me know what you think about it.

Laura. (*Reads the document and returns it to Ethel.*) It appears all right, but I fear your brother Barnes will not make restitution.

Ethel. He will fulfill it, I'm sure he will. (*In a haughty manner.*) He would do as much without being asked, I am certain he would, did he know the depth of my dear uncle's misfortunes.

Laura. And you will write to him this very day? I know what the answer will be.

Ethel. I will call on him this very day, and then I'll call on my dear old uncle. I have found out where to locate him.

Laura. The document is written in ink, which is somewhat faded by age. It is addressed by the handwriting of Mrs. Newcome to "My dear Mr. Luce." Who was he?

Ethel. He was her solicitor, and is my solicitor now. I think our luncheon awaits us. Let us go. (*Exeunt* L. *Scene closes.*)

SCENE 2.—*Act V. Clive's dwelling, Howland street, London. Plain chamber, doors* R *and* L 4.)

Clive. (*At* L D.) Up, up, Tommykin, and go walking with papa. Put on your cap and tell grandma to dispense with your apron. (*At mention of "grandma" boy begins to whimper.*) There, there, my boy, Betsy or your mother will take off the apron. (*Enters from* L D, *flings off his own paint-stained jacket on back of a chair and comes out of left chamber with a frock coat, much worn, which he brushes and puts on and goes into room for a*

slouch hat. Enter Rosa L D, *supported by Clive to a sofa,* U C, *on which she languishes.*)

Clive. I am not the dandy I used to be, and have to perform more chores than I ever did. (*Dress boy.*) Most of the domestic duties fall to my lot now, as my little wife is too ill to give them attention, and mother-in-law has all she can do to discharge her duties as general manager of the premises. Is there anything I can do for you, dear, before I go. (*To Rosa. Boy runs out of room to* R *door, pulls it open and slams it shut as hard as he can. Clive pursues, catches the boy and boxes his ears. Mrs. Mack comes to* L D.)

Mrs. Mack. Do sir, do, with your wife, my darling child, lying on that settee at the point of death. Behave like a brute that you are, and you will soon send us all to an early grave. The boy shall not have his cap or go out walking in cold and damp weather.

Clive. He shall do as I say!

Enter Mrs. Mack L D, *clad in large, loose dingy wrapper and white cotton nightcap.*

Mrs. Mack. You'll not have your way, sir.

Clive. I am master here and not you. (*Runs at Mrs. Mack, snatches the cap from her grasp, picks up the child and with boy on his shoulder makes hasty exit* R D. *Mrs. Mack screams, follows him to* R *door.*)

Mrs. Mack. Come back, sir, with that child. You know he is delicate. (*Turns back.*) Keep on, sir, and your invalided wife will soon be at rest in her grave.

Rosa. Oh, Clive; Oh, mamma, mamma. (*Enter* R D *Clive, child and Col. N. Mrs. Mack, finding herself in disarray, retires to room* L D.)

Clive. We met father a short distance from here, and the boy clung to his grandfather. There appears to be somebody at the front door. I'll go down and see who it is. (*Enter Ethel* R D *on the arm of Clive. Boy runs to meet them and returns to colonel.*)

Col. T. D. Who is it, boy, do you know?

Boy. Miss Ethel and papa.

Col. T. N. It is Ethel, my dear niece, to whom I refused to speak. I used to love her very much when she was a little girl about your size, and she is a very good beautiful child. (*Pats boy on the head.*) A very good child.

Clive. I have brought an old friend, father, to see you. (*Lays hand on his shoulder.*)

Ethel. It is I, dear uncle. (*Kneels, flings her arms around the colonel and kisses him. Rosa on her sofa clutching tablecloth excitedly.*)

Rosa stares at group with ghastly smile. Mrs. Mack contemptuously surveys the lady, endeavors to take one of the hands of Rosa, who repels her and puts both hands to her face and weeps copiously. The boy picks up the ring that has dropped from her finger and restores it to his mother, who clasps her boy affectionately and sobs hysterically.

Mrs. Mack. (*With grim smile.*) Miss Newcome, *is it?* Rosa dear, get on your shawl.

Ethel. (*With instinctive knowledge of the situation, goes to comfort her.*) Rosa, dear Rosa, let a sympathetic sister administer to your sorrows. How distinctly I remember an uncle's tenderness when I was a child, and who cheered my childish heart with gladness. You still have a loving husband, and be assured of his tenderness and all the earthly happiness he brings, and all that mortal can bestow in the hour of distress, which with undoubted affections of your beautiful face must dispel the gloom of your surroundings. Cheer up, dear girl, and thank heaven for its many blessings. Let me embrace you, dear sister, and be sure that both you and your child will receive a hearty welcome when you honor me with a visit. I shall come and see you tomorrow, my dear uncle, may I not? I saw your room this morning, sir, and your black gown, and you shall put it on tomorrow and walk with me and show me the beautiful old buildings and the tomb of their founder. And shall I come and make tea? The good old lady in charge said that I may. I wish to have a conference with Cousin Clive for a few minutes, and now say to you all, goodbye with wishes for a happy Christmas.

Mrs. Mack. You may go, Rosa, to see this Miss Newcome, whom people respect because she is rich, but I shall *never*, no never; the insolent, purse-proud thing! Does she take me for a housemaid? Am I dust, to be trampled under her feet? Am I a dog, that she won't throw me a word. (*Exeunt all except Rosa and Clive.*)

Ethel. Now, Clive, I wish to explain everything. I found a codicil to the will of your grandmother, which our family recognizes as legal and binding. It was written the night she died and bequeaths to you the sum of six thousand pounds, besides a sum to your father. In addition to which you will please draw on me

for the amount of uncle's indebtedness on account of the Bundelcund bank. Do not ask any further questions now, but make settlement in full for all claims against you both. Here are the accompanying documents, and will enlighten you better than I can. (*Agitated.*) I can say no more. Farewell, my dear brother, and may you be forever happy. (*Exit* R *hurriedly to conceal emotion.*)

Clive. (*Glancing over papers.*) A most generous girl. I am satisfied she has divided her fortune with us and that the Newcome family has made no restitution. (*Calling off left.*) Father, you need not return to Greyfriairs, henceforth your home will be with me. All our obligations will be settled tomorrow. Do you hear? All our debts will be paid.

Col. T. N. Yes, yes, Mrs. Mackenzie's claims should be paid first—that is, as soon as we have the means to make payment, but under all circumstances I must go back to Greyfriars tonight to answer to my name when it is called. It must always be my home, for it is the only place where I found refuge from sorrows and regrets. Besides, I expect a lady visitor tomorrow who will make tea for me.

Re-enter Mrs. Mack L.

Mrs. Mack. Now, Mr. Clive, I know where you went today to find your father. It was to an almshouse.

Clive. (*Aside.*) The madam has caught on to a fact. (*Mutters in French.*)

Mrs. Mack. Pray speak in your own language, sir, unless it is something not fit for ladies to hear. It is bad manners to mutter in company, which can be neither heard nor understood. Admit, sir, at once (*Extends an arm over Rosa.*) that Colonel Newcome has acknowledged he is a pauper in a hospital. He (*pointing to colonel*), who has squandered his own money, as well as mine; he who has defrauded that darling, helpless child.

Rosa. Oh, mamma, mamma, how unhappy you make us all. (*Crying.*)

Mrs. Mack. Compose yourself, darling. I am here, your only protector, my child. I say he has completed the disgrace of his family by mean, unworthy and degraded conduct. Oh, my child, my blessed child, to think that your husband's father should throw himself on the bounty and charity of the workhouse to the disgrace of us all. (*Shrieks and bursts into an agony.*)

Clive. (*Hand beating his forehead in impotent rage.*) Madam, payment will be made to you and Rosa tomorrow of all you claim

to have lost through my father, and then you and I part, I hope forever. (*Mrs. Mack exits* L, *colonel hangs his head in utter dejection. Enter servant* L.)

Servant. If you please, sir, Mrs. Mackenzie desires to know how long you intend to keep the Christmas dinner waiting. (*Exeunt* L. *Scene closes.*)

SCENE 3.—*Act V. Greyfriars hospital. Exterior drop for background showing building with illuminated windows. A set chapel at* 3 *or* 4 R.. *Procession starts from* L U E *composed of monks of the Cistercean Order in cassock and girdles, followed by mendicants and inmates of the hospital clad in black gowns, then children attending the school conducted at the hospital in white surplice, in double file, and proceed down left side of stage to front, file to right across front to right, halt and face front. Monitor steps to the front and calls roll. After all have answered their names attention is called and procession moves by file right along right side of stage and enters set chapel, where services are supposed to be held. The organ should furnish voluntaries for the march of the procession. While the procession is in front of stage enter Colonel Thomas Newcome, exhausted and staggering, and is assisted to his place in the ranks while the halt is made, and when his name is reached, responds.*

Monitor. Thomas Newcome.

Col. T. N. "Adzem." (*And continues with procession until after its entry to the set chapel.*)

TABLEAU VIVANT.—*Shadowing a forthcoming event. Ethel as a bride before the altar and Clive as the groom. Priest in attitude of pronouncing the benediction.* (*To be arranged in such part of the stage as may be most convenient.*) *Curtain. End of play.*

NOTE.—The chief object of the writer in transforming the novel of the "Newcomes" into dramatic form, was to intensify the lessons of the famous author, by showing the conditions and requirements necessary to attain true happiness in married life. A mutual love of sufficient strength to bring couples together is an absolute requirement or basis of the association; the pleasure derived from each other's company, keeps alive the flame of love, and leads to an exchange of vows, but it is only when the union is crowned with maternity, the realization of wedlock joys are attained and the marriage is consecrated by Heaven. Mr. Thackeray probably obtained the knowledge by experience, under the sobriquet of Arthur Pendennis.

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